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D A P H N Æ,

A P O E M.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM NON PASSIBUS ÆQUIS.

L O N D O N :

1796.

DAPHNE

A POEM



FOUNTAIN VON TASSILO VON

1756

TO THE
MONTHLY REVIEWERS.

GENTLEMEN,

SOME years since you gave a favorable report of a small *political* Jeu d'Esprit of my pen. Permit me to hope you will be equally pleased with the following *poetical Divertissement* from the same source;---which as it may prove in your scale of judgment meritorious, I request leave to dedicate to you with all deference and true respect.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most humble servant,

T.

TO THE

MONTHLY REVIEWERS

GENTLEMEN,

SOME years since you gave a favor-
able report of a book written for the benefit of my pen-
pans, and to which you will be especially indebted with
the following verses. I have since then the same
source, which as I may prove in your issue of judge-
ment, I repeat here to indicate to you
with all deference and respect.

GENTLEMEN,

Yours most humble servant,

D A P H N E.

LET the cold misanthropic mind
Quarrel with mirth of ev'ry kind ;
Spit venom in the face of *Fun*,
And damn the shining of the Sun :
It matters little what they spurt,
It is themselves alone they hurt.
I hold it as a thesis true,
A very pleasant world we view.
Shield us from glooms of every kind,
But chief the dreary gloom of mind.

Religionists of ev'ry nation
Are foes to learn'd deification :

And

And tender souls may here be found,
 Whom such impieties may wound.
 I then premise, these sportful lays
 Arise from classic ancient days,
 And, lest perchance they raise a pother
 T' offend a weak and foolish brother,
 Like foreign bards by prudence prest,
 I give as *Prologue* my *Protest*:
 That what examiners may read
 Of Gods of Song---are not of Creed;
 That JUPITER, should we rehearse,
 Is but the thunderer of verse;
 That when we sing divine APOLLO,
 We bar idolatry should follow:
 Our goddesses a maniac's brood,
 No faints of pray'r---so help us God.

Two of this sort came down the clouds,
 On long sun-beams to man's abodes:
 APOLLO with, so faith old story,
 His fav'rite muse---Miss TERPSICHORE.

The

The grounds giv'n out were choice and fair,
 To see the state of music there.
 But fly-boots PHŒBUS---'tis too true,
 The state of beauty had in view.

Shall we in humble verse recite
 His every love, his every fight?
 How he and NEPTUNE tipp'd the flaggon!
 How, like St. GEORGE, he slew a dragon!
 How MARSYAS cruelly set staring!
 And flay'd alive for music-daring!
 Or how king MIDAS's ears grew long,
 Preferring PAN's Sicilian song!
 We pass these o'er---they both repair
 Where TEMPE's charming vales appear;
 They view soft PENEUS' silver streams,
 (Just so from RICHMOND looks our THAMES,
 Save only THAMES' superior far,
 For WALPOLE's Gothic dome is there.)
 A stuccoed cot adorn'd the border,
 Where all things shone in rustic order.

Thither,

Thither, in minstrel's guise array'd,
 Our heavenly lyrists came and play'd.
 APOLLO first, and then the maiden,
 Strikes a fine symphony of HAYD'N.
 Then, in an ode of DURF's hilarity,
 Demands the cabin's hospitality.
 To every bar which PHŒBUS reckon'd
 Fair TERPSICHORÉ play'd a second;
 And to advance their merit higher,
 She danced a chaconne to his lyre.
 The swain within, and eke his wife,
 Lov'd a good song as dear as life.
 Both listen'd till the measure out:
 The swain set up an hunter's shout.
 Then blew th' old horn, which high stood sentry,
 Extends his hand, and begs their *entrée*:
 Sits PHŒBUS in his elbow'd chair,
 And rakes the deaden'd embers clear:
 Happy to place them by his fire,
 And bids his dame to heap it higher.

With

With hearty buffle, kind decorum,
 They spread the farmer's supper 'fore 'em;
 And, as old friends are wont to do,
 Invite '*sans facon*' to fall to.

A chicken roasted grac'd the board :
 APOLLO carv'd it like a lord ;
 Nice as ambrosia! was his word.---
 Frequent they both attack'd the pitcher,
 Protesting nectar was not richer.

In mutual pleasure ran their prate.
 The fly hours stole to very late :
 Yet ere our host would move to rest,
 To sing he challenges his guest ;
 Begins himself---'*en etiquette*,'
 With his own beverage quite elate.
 Old '*Chevy-chace*' he sung most dolefully.
 His dame then strain'd her throat more woefully.
 Next---'*Jolly Miller*'---roar'd more strong :
 Old NIGHT was frightened at the song.

Yet fuch good humour cloth'd the peafant,
 APOLLO fwore the concert pleafant ;
 And, in his turn, began his lay,
 In fuch an high creating way,
 As ne'er before was heard aspiring :
 Our ruftics trembled in admiring ;
 Thought they were furely supernaturals,
 And 'gan to fear for felves and laterals.
 For as they ftar'd in admiration,
 They mark'd all round was agitation.
 The pans and kettles pour'd forth tunes,
 Turn'd all to fiddles and baffoons :
 The very pot-lids play'd ftrange pranks,
 High tofs'd in cymbals' braffy clanks.
 The gridiron black ftarts up an harp
 Of concert pitch in flat and fharp.
 The meal-tub fends a doleful hum,
 A tub no more, but a long drum.
 The blacken'd bellows, hide and wood
 Neglected in a corner flood,

Which

Which many a-year had rais'd their fire,
 Their warmest friend in winters dire,
 Worn down with age, and broke it's wind,
 (Ingratitude of human kind !)
 Began to bustle, heave and move,
 Rais'd such a dust to get above,
 A fable monster, thick and sturdy,
 There meets the ancient hurdy-gurdy,
 Unites its puffs to grunts and quipes,
 An organ now, with gilded pipes.

Sublimer yet the feast was crown'd:
 Self-blown the horns began to found.
 Softly the notes melodious sprung
 In praise of BACCHUS fair and young.
 Soon all the bells rang out carillons,
 And kids and goats kick'd up cotillons ;
 Cats, pigs, geese, asses, form'd a chorus,
 And every cow a base sonorous.
 The farm-house too 'gan change---hight presto,
 A concert room---with an orchestro.

Our farmer saw it all with pleasure,
 Swells in the paunch, and nods in measure :
 Sees his coarse Yorkshire grow full-trimm'd,
 With broad gold lacings all begrimm'd.
 His face, no longer lank hairs rig,
 Peeps through a powder'd perriwig.
 Unknown t' himself struts JOHN of SANDHILL,
 Now BONONCINI proud---or HANDELL :
 And his old dame---no more plain SARAH---
 A thousand airs proclaim her MARA.

Their daughter DAPHNE' saw with wonder
 The metamorphos' without thunder,
 Hides in a corner---PHŒBUS spy'd her,
 For all along the god had ey'd her :
 Struck with her youth and lovely face,
 Her figure fine, and native grace.
 Th' alarm enhanc'd her beauty's glowing,
 PHŒBUS grew wild, and must be wooing :
 He thought Tibullian lays would do it,
 And strives to move her to a duet.

Timid

Timid aloof the virgin ran,
 Frighten'd at such a charming man.
 With nimble foot she fought the wood,
 Where PENEUS curv'd his sportful flood.
 The moon, with vapours shrouded o'er,
 But half inform'd the shaggy shore ;
 So fast she ran, of all unheeding,
 Through mire and mud and thorny treading ;
 And PHŒBUS, cause of all the evil,
 (Could well-tun'd gods be so uncivil ?)
 Pursues, as hounds pursue an hare :
 Stronger of foot he now draws near :
 Sooths her in all a lover's pleading,
 And tells of his celestial breeding ;
 That verse and music were his trade---
 He'd make her an immortal maid.
 Besides, his skill in physic such
 Cur'd all diseases by a touch.
 " Shall love, dear nymph, elude my art !
 " Are there no herbs to reach the heart ? "

Unmov'd

Unmov'd she ran precipitate,
 And running meets disastrous fate.
 A rising ground she not espies,
 Mounts a deceitful precipice,
 Obscured by the clouded night,
 She falls right down the trait'rous height;
 Deep in a clay---the softest bed,
 Pitch'd then her lovely youthful head:
 Her beauteous limbs above remain.
 Ah, judge, dear pow'rs, the virgin's pain!
 Her form high Heav'n e'en then commutes---
 A tree sprouts out with spreading roots,
 The shooting boughs wave high above,
 Present a tufted laurel grove;
 What toes and fingers were before,
 Bright downy leaves thick cover o'er;
 The beauteous trunk with ivies spread,
 And all the virgin shrunk in shade.

APOLLO saw with frighten'd eye,
 Love prompted straight an heart-sprung sigh,

Loft

Loft in a tree her virgin charms :
The tree he catches in his arms ;
Kiffes the bark with lover's heat :
He found the heart ftill palpitate,
Heard the laft groan within expire,
And every beating pulfe retire.

Alas, what could the pitying pow'r !
He fills with cries the founding fhore ;
Echo prolongs the mournful air,
Repeats the groans from caverns near.
“ Dear tree,” he' exclaims, “ by Fate deny'd,
“ When a bright maid, to be my bride,
“ Thou ftill fhalt be to PHŒBUS dear,
“ Thy leaf fhall crown my flowing hair :
“ My harp and bow fhall ne'er be drefs'd
“ Till by my DAPHNE's fplendors blefs'd.
“ Nor fhall AUGUSTUS honor know,
“ Till thou fhalt wreath his royal brow.
“ E'en the calm bard, who fings thy ftory,
“ From thee fhall take his greateft glory,

“ By

“ By thee embrac’d shall live his lay,

“ Till this frail globe shall melt away.”

He said---the words revive the maid ;

And thrice she wav’d her leafy head.

Then plucking down a verdant bow,

He wreath’d his harp and bound his brow.

So shall all tuneful worth be known ;

Hence shall true valour have its crown.

In TEMPE’S vale, by HÆMUS’ wood,
Herself a grove, long DAPHNE’ stood.
There VENUS’ doves repose their nest,
And quiet halcyons love to rest :
And little squirrels without row,
Half birds, skip round from bough to bough.



Defunct cætera.